

UNDELL-DOWN DICK.

OR,

PHAETON *in the Suds.* 14-20

A

Dramatick Entertainment of Walking,
in Serious and Foolish Characters:

Interlarded with

Burlesque, Grotesque, Comick Interludes,

CALL'D,

HARLEQUIN A PICK-POCKET.

As it is Perform'd at the

New Theatre *in the* Hay-Market.

Being ('tis hop'd) the last Entertainment that will
ever be exhibited on any Stage.

Invented by the Ingenious

MONSIEUR SANS ESPRIT:

The Musick compos'd by the Harmonious

SIGNIOR WARBLERINI.

And the Scenes painted by the Prodigious

MYNHEER VAN BOTTOM-FLAT.

By Henry Fielding.

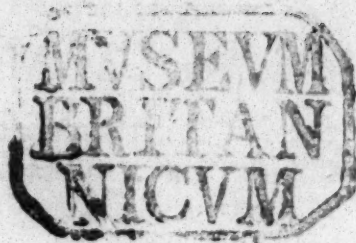
Monstr' horrend' inform. —

L O N D O N :

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Wild-Court near Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

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[Price Six Pence.]



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T O

Mr. *JOHN LUN*,

Vulgarly call'd *ESQUIRE*.

S I R,



HO' Pasquin has put Dedications in so ridiculous a Light, that Patrons may, perhaps, pay some Shame for the future for reading their own Praises; yet, I hope you will not begin to be affected with so troublesome a Passion, when I tell you, I know no Man in *England* to whom I can so properly dedicate the following Pages as yourself.

It is to You, Sir, we owe (if not the Invention) at least the bringing into a Fashion, that sort of Writing which you have pleas'd to distinguish by the Name of *Entertainment*. Your Success herein (whether owing to your Heels or your Head, I will not determine) sufficiently entitles you to all Respect from the inferior Dablers in Things of this Nature.

DEDICATION.

But, Sir, I have farther Obligations to you than the Success, whatever it be, which this little Farce may meet with, can lay on me. It was to a Play judiciously brought on by you in the *May*-Month, to which I owe the Original Hint, as I have always own'd, of the contrasted Poets, and two or three other Particulars, which have received great Applause on the Stage. Nor am I less obliged to you for discovering in my imperfect Performance the Strokes of an Author, any of whose Wit, if I have preserved entire, I shall think it my chief Merit to the Town. Tho' I cannot enough cure myself of Selfishness, while I meddle in Dramatick Writings, to profess a Sorrow that One of so superior a Genius is led, by his better Sense and better Fortune, to more profitable Studies than the Stage. How far you have contributed to this, I will not presume to determine. Farther, as *Pasquin* has proved of greater Advantage to me, than it could have been at any other Play-House, under their present Regulations, I am oblig'd to you for the Indifference you shew'd at my Proposal to you of bringing a Play on your Stage this Winter, which immediately determin'd me against any further pursuing that Project; for as I never yet yielded to any mean or subservient Solicitations of the Great Men in real Life, I could by no means prevail on myself to play an Under-part in that Dramatick Entertainment of Greatness, which you are pleas'd to divert yourself with in Private, and which, was you to exhibit it in Publick, might

prove

DEDICATION.

prove as profitable to you, and as diverting a *Pantomime* to the Town, as any you have hitherto favour'd us with.

I am, moreover, much oblig'd to you for that Satire on *Pasquin*, which you was so kind to bring on your Stage; and here I declare (whatever People may think to the contrary) you did it of your own mere Goodness, without any Reward or Solicitation from me. I own it was a sensible Pleasure to me to observe the Town, which had before been so favourable to *Pasquin* at his own House, confirming that Applause, by thoroughly condemning the Satire on him at Yours.

Whether this was written by your Command, or your Assistance, or only Acted by your Permission; I will not venture to decide. I believe every impartial honest Man will conclude, that either lays me under the same Obligation to you, and justly intitles you to this Dedication. Indeed I am inclin'd to believe the latter; for I fancy you have too strong a Head ever to meddle with *Common-Sense*, especially since you have found the way so well to succeed without her, and you are too great and good a Manager, to keep a needless Supernumerary in your House.

I suppose you will here expect something in the Dedicatory Style on your Person and your Accomplishments: But why should I entertain the Town with a Recital of your particular Perfections, when they may see your whole Merit all at once, whenever you condescend to perform the *Harlequin*?

How-

However, I shall beg Leave to mention here (I solemnly protest, without the least Design of Flattery) your adequate Behaviour in that great Station to which you was born, your great Judgment in Plays and Players, too well known to be here expatiated on; your Generosity, in diverting the whole Kingdom with your Race-Horses at the Expence, I might almost say, of more than your Purse. To say nothing of your Wit, and other Perfections, I must force myself to add, tho' I know every Man will be pleas'd with it but yourself, That the Person who has the Honour to know your very inmost Thoughts best, is the most sensible of your great Endowments.

But, Sir, while I am pleasing myself, and I believe the World, I am, I fear, offending you; I will therefore desist, tho' I can affirm, what few Dedicators can, that I can, and perhaps may, say much more; and only assure you that I am, with the Sincerity of most of the foregoing Lines,

Your most Obedient,

and most humble Servant,

· P A S Q U I N .

The A R G U M E N T.

PHAETON *was the Son of Phœbus, and Clymene a Grecian Oyster-Wench. The Parish-Boys would often upbraid him with the Infamy of his Mother Clymene, telling him, she reported him to be Son of Apollo, only to cover her Adultery with a Serjeant of the Foot-Guards. He complains to Clymene of the Affront put upon them both. She advises him to go to the Round-House (the Temple of his Father) and there be resolved from his own Mouth of the Truth of his Sire; bidding him at the same time beg some indubitable Mark, that should convince the World that his Mother was a virtuous Woman, and Whore to Phœbus. He goes to the said Round-House, where Apollo grants his Request, and gives him the Guidance of his Lanthorn for a Day. The Youth falling asleep, was tumbled out of the Wheelbarrow, and what became of him I could never learn.*

Dra-

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ .

Machine, *the Composer*,
 Fustian, *an Author*,
 Sneerwell, *a Critick*,
 Prompter,
 Clymene,
 Jupiter,
 Neptune,
 Phoebus,
 Old Phaeton,
 Young Phaeton,
 Aurora,
 Aurora's Maid,
 Terra,
 Genius of Gin,
 Harlequin,
 Justice,
 Justice's Clerk,
 Managers,

Stars,

Columbine,
 1 Countryman,
 2 Countryman,
 3 Countryman,
 1 Rake,
 2 Rake,
 3 Rake,
 4 Rake,

Chairmen,

Pistol,
 Tragedy King,
 School-Mistress,
 Tragedy Queen,

Watchmen,

*Constables, Watch, Fiddlers, Lanthorns, Suns, Moons,
 Whores, &c. &c: &c:*

Mr. Roberts.
 Mr. Lacy.
 Mr. Machen.
 Mr. Turner.
 Mrs. Charke.
 Mr. Freeman.
 Mr. Wallis.
 Mr. Topping.
 Mr. Smith.
 Mr. Boothby.
 Mrs. Egerton.
 Miss Jones.
 Miss Burges.
 Miss Ferguson.
 Mr. Rosamond.
 Mr. Jones.
 Mons. Castiglione.
 { Mr. Freeman.
 { Mr. Turner.
 { Master Sherwin:
 { Miss Ferguson.
 Mademoiselle Beaumaunt.
 Mr. Smith.
 Mr. Lowder.
 Mr. Collerd.
 Mr. Boothby.
 Mr. Pullen.
 Mr. Wallis.
 Mr. Phenix.
 { Mr. Smith:
 { Mr. Collerd:
 Mr. Lowder:
 Mr. Pullen.
 Mrs. Egerton.
 Miss Jones.
 { Mr. Smith.
 { Mr. Lowder.
 { Mr. Collerd.
 { Mr. Chapman:



TUMBLE-DOWN DICK:

O R,

PHAETON *in the Suds.*

Prompter, Fustian, Sneerwell, *and* Machine.

P R O M P T E R.



R. *Fustian*, I hope the Tragedy is over, for Mr. *Machine* is just come, and we must practise the Entertainment.

Fust. Sir, my Tragedy is done; but you need not be in such Haste about your Entertainment, for you will not want it this Season.

Prompt. That, Sir, I don't know; but we dare not disoblige Mr. *Machine*, for fear he shou'd go to the other House.

Sneer. Dr. *Fustian*, do let us stay and see the Practice.

Fust. And can you bear, after such a luscious Meal of Tragedy as you have had, to put away the Taste with such an insipid Desert?

Sneer. It will divert me a different way.——I can admire the Sublime which I have seen in the Tragedy,
B and

and laugh at the Ridiculous which I expect in the Entertainment.

Fust. You shall laugh by yourself then. [Going.

Sneer. Nay, dear *Fustian*, I beg you wou'd stay for me, for I believe I can serve you; I will carry you to Dinner in a large Company, where you may dispose of some Tickets.

Fust. Sir, I can deny you nothing. — Ay, I have a few Tickets in my Pockets.

[Pulls out a vast Quantity of Paper.

Mach. Gentlemen, I must beg you to clear the Stage intirely; for in things of this serious Nature, if we do not comply with the exactest Decency, the Audience will be very justly offended.

Fust. Things of a serious Nature! Oh the Devil!

Mach. Harkye, Prompter, who is that Figure there?

Prompt. That, Sir, is Mr. *Fustian*, Author of the New Tragedy.

Mach. Oh! I smoke him, I smoke him. But, Mr. Prompter, I must insist that you cut out a great deal of *Othello*, if my *Pantomine* is perform'd with it, or the Audience will be pall'd before the Entertainment begins.

Prompt. We'll cut out the Fifth Act, Sir, if you please.

Mach. Sir, that's not enough, I'll have the First cut out too.

Fust. Death and the Devil! Can I bear this? Shall *Shakespear* be mangled to introduce this Trumpery?

Prompt. Sir, this Gentleman brings more Money to the House, than all the Poets put together.

Mach. Pugh, pugh, *Shakespear*! — Come, let down the Curtain, and play away the Overture. — Prompter, to your Post.

[The Curtain drawn up, discovers Phaeton leaning against the Scene.]

SCENE,

S C E N E, 'A Cobler's Stall.

Enter Clymene.

Sneer. Pray, Sir, who are these extraordinary Figures?

Mach. He, leaning against the Scene, is *Phaeton*; and the Lady is *Clymene*; or *Clymene*, as they call her in *Drury-Lane*. This Scene, Sir, is in the true Altercative, or Scolding Style of the Ancients. Come, Madam, begin.

Clym. You lazy, lousy Rascal, is't well done, That you, the Heir apparent of the Sun, Stand with your Arms before you, like a Lout, When your great Father has two Hours set out, And bears his Lanthorn all the World about?

Phae. Oh Mother, Mother! think you it sounds well, That the Sun's Son in Cobler's Stall shou'd dwell? Think you it does not on my Soul encroach, To walk on Foot while Father keeps a Coach? If he shou'd shine into the Stall, d'ye think, To see me mending Shoes, he wou'd not wink? Besides, by all the Parish-Boys I'm flamm'd, You the Sun's Son! You Rascal, you be damn'd!

Clym. And dost thou, Blockhead, then make all this Noise, Because you're fleer'd at by the Parish-Boys? When, Sirrah, you may know the Mob will dare Sometimes to scorn, and hiss at my Lord-Mayor.

A I R I. Gilliflower gentle Rosemary.

Phae. O Mother, this Story will never go down,
'Twill ne'er be believ'd by the Boys of the Town;
'Tis true what you swore,
I'm the Son of a Whore,
They all believe That, but believe nothing more.

4. *Tumble-down Dick; or,*

*Cly. You Rascal, who dare your Mama thus to doubt,
Come along to the Justice, and he'll make it out;
He knows very well,
When you first made me swell,
That I swore 'twas the Sun that had shin'd in my
Cell.*

*Phae. O Mother, Mother, I must ever grieve;
Can I the Justice, if not you, believe?
If to your Oath no Credit I afford,
Do you believe I'll take his Worship's Word?*

*Cly. Go to the Watch-house, where your Father
bright
That Lanthorn keeps which gives the World its Light;
Whence fallying, he does the Day's Gates unlock,
Walks thro' the World's great Streets, and tells Folks
what's o' Clock.*

*Phae. With Joy I go; and ere two Days are run,
I'll know if I am my own Father's Son.* [Exit.

*Cly. Go, clear my Fame, for greater 'tis in Life
To be a great Man's Whore, than poor Man's Wife.
If you are rich, your Vices Men adore,
But hate and scorn your Virtues, if you're poor.*

A I R II. *Pierot Tune.*

*Great Courtiers Palaces contain,
Poor Courtiers fear a Goal;
Great Parsons riot in Champaign,
Poor Parsons sot in Ale;
Great Whores in Coaches gang,
Smaller Misses,
For their Kisses,
Are in Bridewell bang'd;
Whilst in vogue
Lives the great Rogue,
Small Rogues are by Dozens bang'd.* [Exit.

[The Scene draws, and discovers the Sun in a great
Chair in the Round-house, attended by Watchmen.

Enter

Enter Phaeton.

Sneer. Pray, Sir, what is this Scene to represent?

Mach. Sir, this is the Palace of the Sun.

Fust. It looks as like the Round-house as ever I saw any thing.

Mach. Yes, Sir, the Sun is introduced in the Character of a Watchman; and that Lanthorn there represents his Chariot.

Fust. The Devil it does!

Mach. Yes Sir, it does, and as like the Chariot of the Sun it is, as ever you saw any thing on any Stage.

Fust. I can't help thinking this a properer Representation of the Moon, than the Sun.

Sneer. Perhaps the Scene lies in the Antipodes, where the Sun rises at Midnight.

Mach. Sir, the Scene lies in *Ovid's Metamorphoses*; and so, pray Sir, don't ask any more Questions, for things of this Nature are above Criticism.

Phae. What do I see? What Beams of Candlelight Break from that Lanthorn, and put out my Sight?

Phab. O little *Phacy*! pr'ythee tell me why Thou tak'st this Ev'ning's Walk into the Sky?

Phae. Father, if I may call thee by that Name, I come to clear my own and Mother's Fame;
To prove myself thy Bastard, her thy Mifs.

Phab. Come hither first, and give me, Boy, a Kiss.

[*Kisses him.*]

Now you shall see a Dance, and that will show,
We lead as merry Lives as Folks below.

[*A Dance of Watchmen.*]

Phae. Father, the Dance has very well been done,
But yet that does not prove I am your Son.

Fust. Upon my Word, I think Mr. *Phaeton* is very much in the right on't; and I wou'd be glad to know, Sir, why this Dance was introduc'd.

Mach. Why, Sir? why as all Dances are introduc'd, for the sake of the Dance. Besides, Sir, wou'd it not look

look very unnatural in *Phæbus* to give his Son no Entertainment after so long an Absence? Go on, go on.

Phæb. Thou art so like me, sure thou must be mine;
I shou'd be glad if you wou'd stay and Dine;
I'll give my Bond, whate'er you ask, to grant;
I will, by *Styx*! an Oath which break I can't.

Phæ. Then let me, since that Vow must ne'er be broke,
Carry, one Day, that Lanthorn for a Joke.

Phæb. Rash was my Promise, which I now must keep;
But Oh! take care you do not fall asleep.

Phæ. If I succeed, I shall no Scandal rue;
If I shou'd sleep, 'tis what most Watchmen do.

[*Exit Phaeton.*

Phæb. No more.—Set out, and walk around the Skies;
My Watch informs me it is Time to rise. [*Exit.*

Mach. Now for the Comic, Sir.

Fust. Why, what the Devil has this been?

Mach. This has been the Serious, Sir. — the Sublime.
The Serious in an Entertainment, answers to the Sublime
in Writing. Come, are all the Rakes and Whores
ready at *King's Coffee-House*?

Prompt. They are ready, Sir.

Mach. Then draw the Scene. Pray, let the Carpenters take care that all the Scenes be drawn in exact Time and Tune, that I may have no Bungling in the Tricks; for a Trick is no Trick, if not perform'd with great Dexterity. Mr. *Fustian*, in Tragedies and Comedies, and such sort of things, the Audiences will make great Allowances; but they expect more from an Entertainment; here, if the least thing be out of Order, they never pass it by.

Fust. Very true, Sir, Tragedies do not depend so much upon the Carpenter as you do.

Mach. Come, draw the Scene.

[*The Scene draws, and discovers several Men and Women drinking in King's Coffee-House. They rise and dance. The Dance ended, sing the following Song.*

A I R III. O London is a fine Town.

I Rake. O Gin, at length, is putting down,
And 'tis the more the Pity ;
Petition for it all the Town,
Petition all the City.

Chorus. O Gin, &c.

I Rake. 'Twas Gin that made Train-Bands so stout,
To whom each Castle yields ;
This made them march the Town about,
And take all Tuttle-Fields.

Chorus. O Gin, &c.

I Rake. 'Tis Gin, as all our Neighbours know,
Has serv'd our Army too ;
This makes them make so fine a Show,
At Hide-Park at Review.

Chorus. O Gin, &c.

I Rake. But what I hope will change your Notes,
And make your Anger sleep ;
Consider, none can bribe his Votes
With Liquor half so cheap.

Chorus. O Gin, &c.

Fust. I suppose, Sir, you took a Cup of Gin to inspire you to write this fine Song.

[During the Song, Harlequin enters, and picks Pockets. A Poet's Pocket is pick'd of his Play, which, as he was going to pawn for the Reckoning, he misses. Harlequin is discover'd; Constables and Watch are fetch'd

Tumble-down Dick; or

fetch'd in; the Watchmen walking in their Sleep; they bind him in Chains, confine him in the Cellar, and leave him alone. The Genius of Gin rises out of a Tub.

Gen. Take, Harlequin, this Magick Wand,
 All things shall yield to thy Command:
 Whether you wou'd appear Incog,
 In Shape of Monkey, Cat, or Dog;
 Or else to shew your Wit, transform
 Your Mistress to a Butter-Churn;
 Or else, what no Magician can,
 Into a Wheel-barrow turn a Man;
 And please the Gentry above Stairs,
 By sweetly crying, *Mellow-Pears*.
 Thou shalt make Jest without a Head,
 And judge of Plays thou canst not read.
 Whores and Race-Horses shall be thine,
Champaign shall be thy only Wine;
 While the best Poet, and best Player,
 Shall both be forc'd to feed on Air;
Gin's Genius all these things reveals,
 Thou shalt perform, by slight of Heels. [Exit Genius.

[Enter Constable and Watchmen. They take Harlequin out, and the Scene changes to the Street; a Crowd before the Justice's House. Enter a Clerk in the Character of Pierrot; they all go in. The Scene changes to the Justice's Parlour, and discovers the Justice learning to Spell of an old School-Mistress.

Fust. Pray, Sir, who are those Characters?

Mach. Sir, that's a Justice of Peace; and the other is a School-Mistress, teaching the Justice to Spell; for you must know, Sir, the Justice is a very ingenious Man, and a very great Scholar, but happen'd to have the Misfortune in his Youth, never to learn to read.

[Enter Harlequin in Custody; Columbine, Poet, &c.
The Poet makes his Complaint to the Justice; the Justice

Justice orders a Mittimus for Harlequin; Columbine courts the Justice to let Harlequin escape; he grows fond of her, but will not comply till she offers him Money; he then acquits Harlequin, and commits the Poet.

Fust. Pray how is this brought about, Sir?

Mach. How, Sir? why by Bribery. You know, Sir, or may know, that *Aristotle*, in his Book concerning Entertainments, has laid it down as a principal Rule, that *Harlequin* is always to escape; and I'll be judg'd by the whole World, if ever he escap'd in a more natural Manner.

[The Constable carries off the Poet; Harlequin hits the Justice a great Rap upon the Back and runs off; Columbine goes to follow; Pierrot lays hold on her; the Justice being recover'd of his Blow, seizes her, and carries her in. Pierrot sits down to learn to Spell, and the Scene shuts.]

[Scene the Street. Harlequin re-enters, considering how to regain Columbine, and bite the Justice. Two Chairmen cross the Stage with a China-Jar, on a Horse, directed to the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane. Harlequin gets into it, and is carry'd into the Justice's; the Scene changes to the Justice's House; Harlequin is brought in, in the Jar; the Justice, Pierrot, and Columbine enter; the Justice offers it as a Present to Columbine.]

Fust. Sir, Sir, here's a small Error, I observe; how comes the Justice to attempt buying this Jar, as I suppose you intend, when it's directed to the *Theatre-Royal* in *Drury-Lane*?

Mach. Sir, Sir, here's no Error, I observe; for how shou'd the Justice know that, when he can't read?

Sneer. Ay, there I think, Mr. *Fustian*, you must own yourself in the wrong.

Fust. People that can't read, ought not to be brought upon the Stage, that's all.

[While the Justice and Chairmen are talking about the Jar, Harlequin tumbles down upon him. The Justice and Pierrot run off in a Fright. Columbine runs to Harlequin, who carries her off. The Chairmen go out with the Jar.]

Sneer. Pray, Mr. Machine, how came that Jar not to be broke?

Mach. Because it was no Jar, Sir; I see you know very little of these Affairs.

[Scene the Street. Harlequin and Columbine re-enter, pursu'd by the Justice and his Clerk.]

[Scene changes to a Barber's Shop; he sets Columbine down to shave her, blinds the Clerk with the Suds, and turns the Justice into a Periwig-Block.]

Mach. There, Sir, there's Wit and Humour, and Transformation for you.

Fust. The Transformation is odd enough, indeed.

Mach. Odd, Sir! What, the Justice into a Block? No, Sir, not odd at all; there never was a more natural and easy Transformation; but don't interrupt us. Go on, go on.

[The Clerk takes the Wig off the Block, puts it on, and admires himself; Harlequin directs him to Powder it better, which while he is doing, he throws him into the Trough, and shuts him down. Harlequin and Columbine go off. The Justice re-enters without his Wig; his Man calls to him out of the Trough, he takes him out, and they go off together in Pursuit of Harlequin.]

Mach. Thus ends, Sir, my First Comic. Now, Sir, for my Second Serious, or Sublime. Come, draw the Scene, and discover *Aurora*, or the *Morning*, just going to break, and her Maid Ironing her Linnen.

Aur. The Devil take the Wench, is't not a Shame You shou'd be lazy, and I bear the Blame?

Make

Make haste, you Drone, for if I longer stay,
The Sun will rise before the Break of Day;
Nor can I go till my clean Linnen's done:
How will a dirty Morning look in *June*?

Maid. Shifts, Madam, can't be dry'd before they're
wet;

You must wear fewer, or more Changes get.

Fust. Pray Sir, in what Book of the Ancients do you
find any mention of *Aurora's* Washer-woman?

Mach. Don't trouble me with the Ancients, Sir; if
she's not in the Ancients, I have improv'd upon the
Ancients, Sir, that's all.

Aur. Dare you to me in such a Manner speak?
The Morning is scarce fine three times a Week;
But I can't stay, and as I am must break. [Exit.

Maid. Break, and be hang'd; please Heav'n I'll give
you Warning,

Night wants a Maid, and so I'll leave the *Morning*.
[Exit.

S C E N E changes to an Open Country.

Enter two Countrymen.

1 Country. Is it Day yet, Neighbour?

2 Country. Faith, Neighbour, I can't tell whether it
is or no. It is a curfed nasty Morning; I wish we have
not wet Weather.

1 Country. It begins to grow a little lighter tho', now.

[Aurora crosses the Stage, with two or three Girls
carrying Farthing Candles.

Fust. Pray, Sir, what do those Children represent?

Mach. Sir, those Children are all Stars; and you shall
see presently, as the Sun rises the Candles will go out,
which represents the disappearing of the Stars.

Fust. O the Devil! the Devil!

Mach. Dear Sir, don't be angry. Why will you not
allow me the same Latitude that is allow'd to all other
Composers of Entertainments? Does not a Dragon

descend from Hell in *Doctor Faustus*? And People go up to Hell in *Pluto and Proserpine*? Does not a Squib represent a Thunderbolt in the Rape of *Proserpine*? And what are all the Suns, Sir, that have ever shone upon the Stage, but Candles? And if they represent the Sun, I think they may very well represent the Stars.

Fust. Sir, I ask your Pardon. But, Sir——

Mach. Pray Sir, be quiet, or the Candles will be gone out before they shou'd, and burn the Girls Fingers before the Sun can rise.

1 *Country.* I'll e'en go faddle my Horfes.

2 *Country.* Odso! methinks 'tis woundy light all of a sudden; the Sun rises devilish fast to-day, methinks.

1 *Country.* Mayhap he's going a Fox-Hunting to-day, but he takes devilish large Leaps.

2 *Country.* Leaps, quotha! I'cod he'll leap upon us, I believe. Its woundy hot, the Skin is almost burnt off my Face; I warrant I'm as black as a Blackmoor.

[*Phaeton falls, and the Lanthorn hangs hovering in the Air.*]

Enter 3d Countryman.

3 *Country.* Oh Neighbours! the World is at an End; call up the Parson of the Parish; I am but just got up from my Neighbour's Wife, and have not had time to say my Prayers since.

1 *Country.* The World at an End! No, no, if this hot Weather continues we shall have Harvest in May. Odso, tho', 'tis damn'd hot! I'cod, I wish I had left my Cloaths at home.

2 *Country.* S'bud, I sweat as if I had been at a hard Day's Work.

1 *Country.* Oh, I'm scorch'd!

2 *Country.* Oh, I'm burnt!

3 *Country.* I'm on Fire!

[*Exeunt crying Fire.*]

Neptune descends.

Nept. I am the mighty Emperor of the Sea.

Fust.

Fust. I am mighty glad you tell us so, else we should have taken you for the Emperor of the Air.

Mach. Sir, he has been making a Visit to *Jupiter*. Beside, Sir, it is here introduced with great Beauty; for we may very naturally suppose, that the Sun being drove by *Phaeton* so near the Earth, had exhal'd all the Sea up into the Air.

Fust. But methinks *Neptune* is odly dress'd for a God?

Mach. Sir, I must dress my Characters somewhat like what People have seen; and as I presume few of my Audience have been nearer the Sea than *Gravesend*, so I dress'd him e'en like a Waterman.

Sneer. So that he is more properly the God of the *Thames*, than the God of the Sea.

Mach. Pray let Mr. *Neptune* go on.

Nept. Was it well done, Oh *Jupiter*! whilst I Paid you a civil Visit in the Sky,
To send your Sun my Waters to dry up,
Nor leave my Fish one comfortable Sup?

Mach. Come, Enter the Goddesses of the Earth, and a Dancing-Master, and dance the *White Joke*.

They Enter, and Dance.

Nept. What, can the Earth with Frolicks thus inspire
To Dance, when all her Kingdom is on Fire?

Terra. Tho' all the Earth was one continual Smoke,
'Twould not prevent my Dancing the *White Joke*.

Sneer. Upon my Word, the Goddesses is a great Lover of Dancing.

Mach. Come, Enter *Jupiter* with a pair of Bellows, and blow out the Candle of the Sun.

Jupiter enters, as above.

Terra. But hah! great *Jupiter* has heard our Rout,
And blown the Candle of the Sun quite out.

Mach.

Mach. Come now *Neptune* and *Terra*, dance a Minuet, by way of Thanksgiving.

Fust. But pray how is *Phaeton* fall'n all this time?

Mach. Why you saw him fall, did not you? And there he lies; and I think it's the first time I ever saw him fall upon any Stage. But I fancy he has lain there so long, that he would be glad to get up again by this time; so pray draw the first Flat over him. Come, Enter *Clymene*.

Enter Clymene.

Cly. Art thou, my *Phaey*, dead? O foolish Elf,
To find your Father, and to lose yourself,
What shall I do to get another Son,
For now, alas! my Teeming-time is done?

A I R IV.

*Thus when the wretched Owl has found
Her young Owls dead as Mice,
O'er the sad Spoil she hovers round,
And views 'em once or twice:
Then to some hollow Tree she flies,
To hollow, hoot, and howl,
'Till ev'ry Boy that passes, cries,
The Devil's in the Owl!*

Mach. Come, Enter Old *Phaeton*.

Fust. Pray, Sir, who is Old *Phaeton*? for neither *Ovid*, nor Mr. *Pritchard* make any mention of him.

Mach. Sir, he is the Husband of *Clymene*, and might have been the Father of *Phaeton*, if his Wife would have let him.

Enter Old Phaeton.

Old Phae. What is the Reason, Wife, thro' all the Town
You publish me a Cuckold up and down?
Is't not enough, as other Women do,
To Cuckold me, but you must tell it too?

Cly.

Cly. Good Cobler, do not thus indulge your Rage,
But, like your brighter Brethren of the Age,
Think it enough your Betters do the Deed,
And that by Horning you I mend the Breed.

Old Phae. Madam, if Horns I on my Head must
wear,

'Tis equal to me who shall graft them there.

Cly. To *London*, go, thou out-of-fashion Fool,
And thou wilt learn in that great Cuckolds School,
That every Man who wears the Marriage-Fetters,
Is glad to be the Cuckold of his Betters ;
Therefore, no longer at your Fate repine,
For in your Stall the Sun shall ever shine.

Old Phae. I had rather have burnt Candle all my
Life,

Than to the Sun have yielded up my Wife.
But since 'tis past, I must my Fortune bear ;
'Tis well you did not do it with a Star.

Cly. When Neighbours see the Sunshine in your Stall,
Your Fate will be the Envy of them all ;
And each poor clouded Man will wish the Sun
Wou'd do to his Wife, what to your Wife h'as done.

[*Exeunt Arm in Arm.*]

Mach. There, Sir, is a Scene in Heroicks, between a
Cobler and his Wife ; now you shall have a Scene in
mere Prose between several Gods.

Fust. I should have thought it more natural for the
Gods to have talk'd in Heroicks, and the Cobler and his
Wife in Prose.

Mach. You think it would have been more natural, so
do I, and for that very Reason have avoided it ; for the
chief Beauty of an Entertainment, Sir, is to be unnatural.
Come, where are the Gods ?

Enter Jupiter, Neptune, and Phœbus.

Jup. Harkye, you *Phæbus*, will you take up your
Lanthorn, and set out, Sir, or no ? For by *Styx* ! I'll
put somebody else in your Place, if you do not ; I will
not

not have the World left in Darkness, because you are out of Humour.

Phæb. Have I not Reason to be out of Humour, when you have destroy'd my Favourite Child?

Jup. 'Twas your own Fault; why did you trust him with your Lanthorn?

Phæb. I had promis'd by *Styx*, an Oath which you know was not in my Power to break.

Jup. I shall dispute with you here no longer; so either take up your Lanthorn, and mind your Business, or I'll dispose of it to somebody else. I would not have you think I want Suns, for there were two very fine ones that shone together at *Drury-Lane Play-House*; I myself saw 'em, for I was in the same Entertainment.

Phæb. I saw 'em too, but they were more like Moons than Suns; and as like any thing else, as either. You had better send for the Sun from *Covent-Garden House*, there's a Sun that hatches an Egg there, and produces a *Harlequin*.

Jup. Yes, I remember that; but do you know what Animal laid that Egg?

Phæb. Not I.

Jup. Sir, that Egg was laid by an Afs.

Nept. Faith, that Sun of the Egg of an Afs is a most prodigious Animal; I have often wonder'd how you came to give him so much Power over us, for he makes Gods and Devils dance Jigs together whenever he pleases.

Jup. You must know, he is the Grand-child of my Daughter *Fortune*, by an Afs; and at her Request I settled all that Power upon him; but he plays such damn'd Pranks with it, that I believe I shall shortly revoke my Grant. He has turn'd all Nature topsy-turvy, and not content with that, in one of his Entertainments he was bringing all the Devils in Hell up to Heaven by a Machine, but I happen'd to perceive him, and stopt him by the way.

Phæb. I wonder you did not damn him for it.

Jup.

Jup. Sir, he has been damn'd a thousand times over ; but he values it not of a Rush ; the Devils themselves are afraid of him ; he makes them sing and dance whenever he pleases. But come, 'tis time for you to set out.

Phœb. Well, if I must, I must ; and since you have destroy'd my Son, I must find out some handsome Wench, and get another. [Exit.

Jup. Come, *Neptune*, 'tis too late to Bed to go, What shall we do to pass an Hour, or so ?

Nept. E'en what you please. — Will you along with me, And take a little Dip into the Sea ?

Jup. No, faith, tho' I've a Heat I want to quench, Dear *Neptune*, can'st thou find me out a Wench ?

Nept. What say'st thou to Dame *Thetis* ? She's a Prude, But yet I know, with *Jupiter* she wou'd.

Jup. I ne'er was more transported in my Life, While the Sun's out at work, I'll have his Wife ; *Neptune*, this Service merits my Regard, For all great Men shou'd still their Pimps reward.

[Exeunt.

Mach. Thus, Sir, ends my Second and last Serious ; and now for my Second Comick. Come, draw the Scene, and discover the two Play-Houses Side by Side.

Sneer. You have brought these two Play-Houses in a very friendly manner together.

Mach. Why shou'd they quarrel, Sir ? for you observe, both their Doors are shut up. Come, Enter *Tragedy King* and *Queen*, to be hired.

[Enter *Tragedy King* and *Queen*, and knock at *Covent-Garden Play-House Door* ; the *Manager* comes out ; the *Tragedy King* repeats a *Speech* out of a *Play* ; the *Manager* and he quarrel about an *Emphasis*. He knocks at *Drury-Lane Door* ; the *Manager* enters, with his Man *Pistol* bearing a *Sack-Load* of *Players Articles*.

Fust. Pray, Sir, what is contain'd in that Sack?

Mach. Sir, in that Sack are contain'd Articles for Players, from Ten Shillings a Week, and no Benefit, to Five Hundred a Year, and a Benefit clear.

Fust. Sir, I suppose you intend this as a Joke; but I can't see why a Player of our own Country, and in our own Language, should not deserve Five Hundred, sooner than a sawcy *Italian* Singer Twelve.

Mach. Five Hundred a Year, Sir! Why, Sir, for a little more Money I'll get you one of the best *Harlequins* in *France*; and you'll see the Managers are of my Opinion.

[*Enter Harlequin and Columbine. Both Managers run to 'em, and caress 'em; and while they are bidding for 'em, enter a Dog in a Harlequin's Dress; they bid for him. Enter the Justice and his Clerk; Harlequin and Columbine run off. Covent-Garden Manager runs away with the Dog in his Arms. The Scene changes to a Cart-load of Players. The Justice pulls out the Act of the 12th of the Queen, and threatens to commit them as Vagrants; the Manager offers the Justice Two Hundred a Year, if he will commence a Player; the Justice accepts it, is turn'd into a Harlequin; he and his Clerk mount the Cart, and all sing the following Chorus.*

C H O R U S.

A I R V. Abbot of Canterbury.

*You wonder, perhaps, at the Tricks of the Stage,
Or that Pantomime Miracles take with the Age;
But if you examine Court, Country, and Town,
There's nothing but Harlequin-Feats will go down.*

Derry down, &c.

From

*From Fleetstreet to Limehouse the City's his Range,
He's a Saint in his Shop, and a Knave on the Change ;
At an Oath, or a Jest, like a Censor he'll frown,
But a Lye or a Cheat slip currently down.*

Derry down, &c.

*In the Country he burns with a Politick Zeal,
And boasts, like Knight-Errant, to serve Commonweal ;
But once return'd Member, he alters his Tone,
For as long as he rises, no matter who's down.*

Derry down, &c.

*At Court, 'tis as hard to confine him as Air,
Like a troublesome Spirit, he's here, and he's there ;
All Shapes and Disguises at Pleasure puts on,
And defies all the Nation to conjure him down.*

Derry down, &c.

F I N I S.



OF THE HISTORY OF THE

AMERICAN PEOPLE

IN THE

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BY

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